



OUTLAST

THE MURKOFF ACCOUNT

Part 5



JT PETTY - THE BLACK FROG

The trans-national MURKOFF CORPORATION tirelessly pushes the frontier of scientific research and development. Partnering with the greatest minds of tomorrow, Murkoff expands the reach of every branch of scientific inquiry, including gene therapy, behavioral psychology, information technology, and medicine.

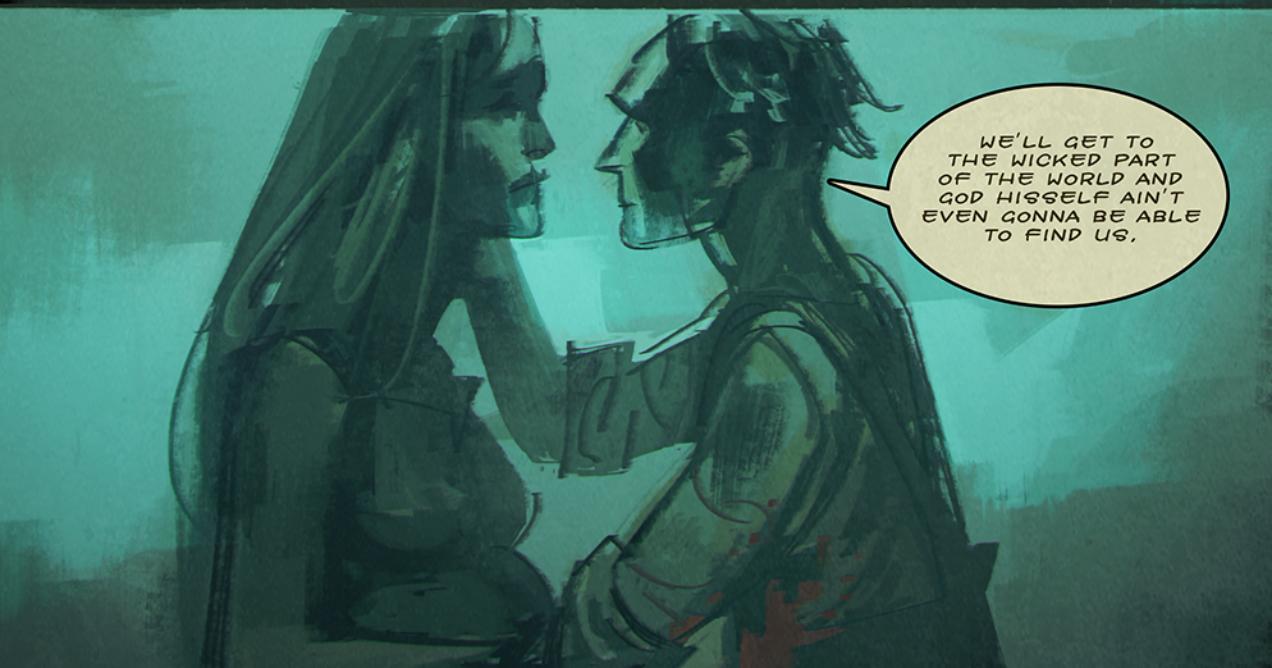
In the event of mistake or oversight, the MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION DEPARTMENT comes in to minimize economic fallout. Mitigation Officers are damage control. They are not here to save lives or help people, they are here to make sure it doesn't cost the company any more than it has to.



**PAUL MARION & PAULINE GLICK,
MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION OFFICERS**

THE MURKOFF ACCOUNT Part 5
Story by JT PETTY & Art by THE BLACK FROG

ARIZONA



RESIDENCE OF
PAUL MARION

DO YOU KNOW IF
YESHUA HA-NOSTRI WAS A
REAL PERSON? LIKE,
IN THE BIBLE?

NEVER HEARD
OF HIM, WHEN'S
THAT BOOK
REPORT DUE?

THURSDAY,

YOU'RE
GETTING
AN EARLY
JUMP,

FIGURED
I'D BE TOO BEAT
TO WORK ON
WEDNESDAY, THE
TRANSFUSION
AND ALL,

YOU
DIDN'T
TOUCH
YOUR
DINNER,

ALICE, HONEY,
THAT'S CRAZY,
YOU'RE A
STRING BEAN,
A BEAUTIFUL
STRING BEAN.

I WASN'T
HUNGRY,
IT'S NOT LIKE
I NEED THE
EXTRA
CALORIES,

SHUT UP
DAD, GOD.

HEY...

THERE'S
SOMEBODY
MESSING WITH
OUR
MAILBOX.

MARION



HEY!



360° 05' 51"N,
112° 34' 00"W
YOUR DAUGHTER
IS CONNECTED



FBI ON-SITE HOSPITAL

MY PARTNER AND
I HAD AGREED NOT
TO INVESTIGATE THE
COORDINATES SIMON
PEACOCK HAD
GIVEN US.*

TURNS
OUT
I WAS
LYING.

* SEE OUTLAST, ISSUE 4.

ARIZONA

HEY GLICK,
IT'S PAUL.

...GLICK?
PAULINE?
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

HEY, PAUL,
YEAH, I HEAR
YOU NOW, WHERE
ARE YOU? IT'S
NOISY.

AT THE HOSPITAL
SORRY TO INTERRUPT
YOU ON A SUNDAY...

GATE
D54

RESIDENCE OF
PAULINE GLICK

YOU'RE NOT
INTERRUPTING ANYTHING.
I WAS JUST.., FOLDING
LAUNDRY, LISTENING
TO PRAIRIE HOME
COMPANION,

GOOD,
GOOD, LISTEN--
I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA
MAKE IT INTO THE OFFICE
TOMORROW, I HAVE TO
SPEND SOME TIME
WITH ALICE.

NO WORRIES, WE ALL
NEED PERSONAL
TIME.

I RENTED THE BIGGEST, MOST JACKED-UP
ALL-TERRAIN S.U.V. THEY'D RENT ME.

AND IT STILL CRAPPED OUT ABOUT TWENTY
MILES SHORT OF THE COORDINATES.

FUCK
ME...

NO
SERVICE!



WWWADAAOOOMMMN GGG!



DAD?
WHAT'S WRONG?
ARE THEY
OUT OF HOT
CHOCOLATE?



I WAS BACK IN THAT NIGHT,
THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

HOT CHOCO

WATCHING MY WIFE DIE,

LOVE YOU
MOM
piece





...WHAT
THE FUCK?

WE DON'T WANT
NO TROUBLE, MISTER!
I'M JUST GON' TAKE
YOUR PISTOL.

DON'T YOU
TAKE THAT
NAME IN
VAIN!

SAFETY'S
ON.

TICK!

ALL RIGHT,
WHO ARE YOU?
WHO'S THE
GIRL?

AND JESUS,
HOW PREGNANT
IS SHE?

click! click! click!
click!



SHHORP!

SPLAT

I'M NOT
GOING TO
HURT YOU.

YOU NEED
HELLLLL....

I GUESS THE
SHOCK GOT TO ME.

WHEN I WOKE UP IT
WAS FULL DARK,
I FOLLOWED HER TRAIL
FOR A COUPLE
MILES.



I KEPT SEEING MY DEAD WIFE.

MMM - HMM.

...JOANNE?

THAT'S ALL YOU GOT?
"MMM - HMM?"
I SAID
I WAS SEEING MY DEAD WIFE.

I HEARD YOU.

IT'S THE LEAST CRAZY THING YOU'VE TOLD ME SO FAR.

SO, BY THE TIME I'D CAUGHT UP WITH THE PREGNANT GIRL --

HEY!
WAIT!

FAIR ENOUGH,

...SHE'D FOUND A ROAD, AND LUCKED ONTO A RIDE,

TWO PIECES
OF LUCK:

1. I MANAGED TO
GET THE LICENSE
PLATE NUMBER.

2. MY PHONE WAS
BACK IN RANGE OF
SIGNAL.

HEY GLICK,
IT'S ME.

YOU LIED TO
ME, YOU WENT
OFF THE
RESERVATION.

YOU ARE
IN SUCH
DEEP SHIT,

I ACTUALLY THINK
I MIGHT BE ON A
RESERVATION, LIKE,
INDIANS, OR FIRST
NATIONS OR...

I KNOW.

WHAT
THE FUCK
ARE YOU DOING,
PAUL?

I FUCKED
UP.

DON'T FUCK
YOURSELF ANY
DEEGER, I'M
ON MY WAY.

IN THE MORNING, A FAMILY ON THEIR WAY
TO THE GRAND CANYON FOUND ME AND TOOK
ME TO THE HOSPITAL.

SPILL,

PAULINE GLICK
GOT TO THE HOSPITAL
SIX HOURS AFTER
I DID.

I TOLD HER EVERYTHING,
SHE WASN'T IMPRESSED.

OKAY, NUMBER
ONE, YOU WORK
FOR MURKOFF, NOT
SIMON PEACOCK.

NUMBER TWO,
YOU DON'T INTERFERE
WITH ONGOING EXPERIMENTS,
WE ONLY ENTER THE EQUATION
WHEN THE SCIENCE IS DONE
AND THE SIDE EFFECTS
NEED MOPPING UP,

SHIT, YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF THIS IS
AN EXPERIMENT.

AND NUMBER THREE,
FUCK YOU, YOU DON'T
WORK WITHOUT ME,
WE'RE PARTNERS, YOU
STUPID MOTHERFUCKER.

SORRY...

DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU BROUGHT ME
A SUIT?

DON'T SAY
YOU'RE SORRY,
I HATE THAT.

YOU WANT THE
SILVER LINING
TO YOUR SHIT SHOW?
I TRACED THIS LICENSE
PLATE NUMBER ON YOUR
PALM, THAT PREGNANT
GIRL'S A PATIENT IN
THIS HOSPITAL.

I EVEN BROUGHT YOU A TIE, HOPE YELLOW'S ALL RIGHT.

FIRST RULE IN THE MURKOFF PLAYBOOK IS DON'T GET HIGH ON YOUR OWN PRODUCT.

YOUR DEAD WIFE IN THE DESERT, YOU CALLED IT A "VISION," NOT A HALLUCINATION.

YEAH, BUT I'M WONDERING IF I REALLY KILLED THAT KID, I'M WONDERING ABOUT THAT GIRL.

IT FELT REAL, I COULD SMELL THE HOSPITAL, I COULD SMELL MY DAUGHTER, LIKE-- THAT LITTLE KID SMELL, IT FELT REAL,

THE GIRL'S REAL, SHE'S ON RECORD HERE.

BUT HER PREGNANCY, WHAT IF IT'S PSYCHOSOMATIC, LIKE THE WOMEN AT MOUNT MASSIVE?* COULD BE A CONNECTION THERE,

IT'S A HEALTHY BABY BOY,

REMARKABLY HEALTHY, IN FACT, CONSIDERING THE STATE OF THE MOTHER,

SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS WHEN SHE ARRIVED HERE, YOU DON'T KNOW HER NAME? WE'VE GOT HER ON RECORD AS JANE DOE.

WHAT ABOUT BRAIN INJURY? YOU SAID THERE WERE ANOMALIES IN THE CT SCAN,

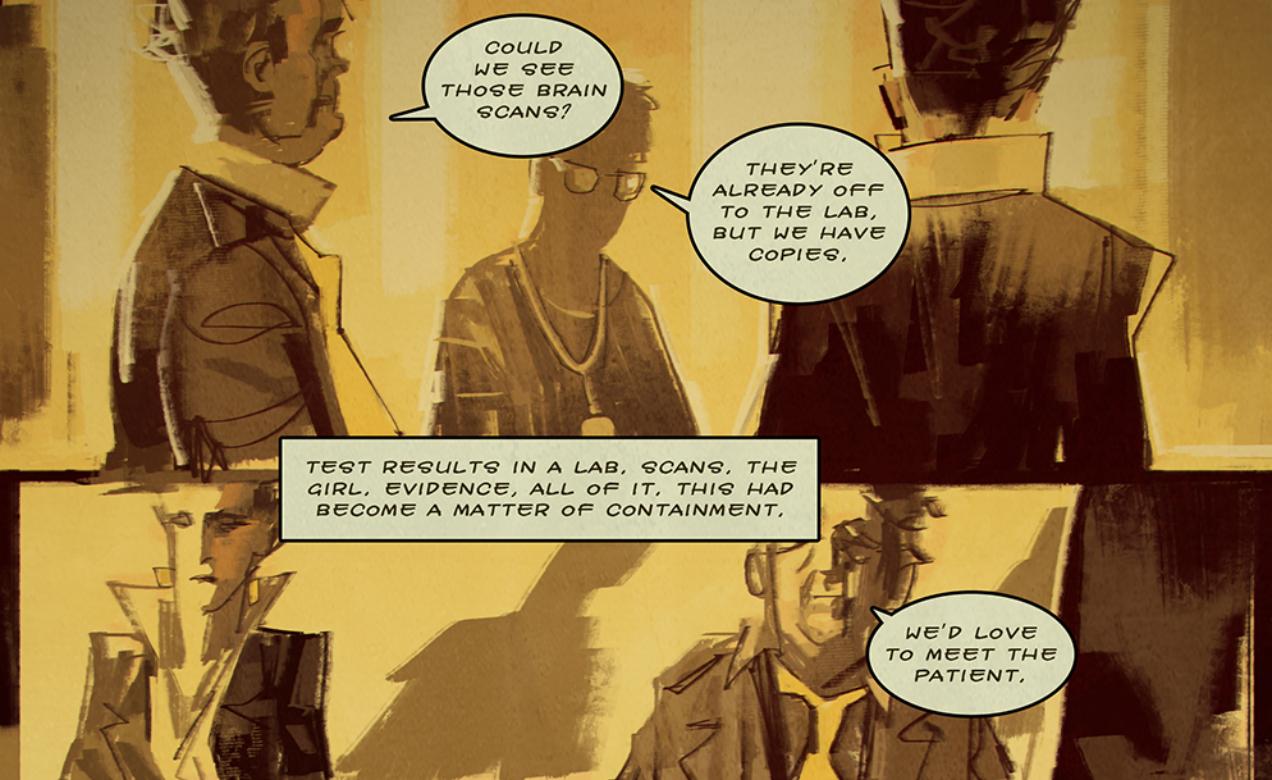
THE SCAN MUST HAVE BEEN CORRUPTED, WHAT LOOKS LIKE A LESION IN THE AMYGDALA, BUT PERFECTLY SYMMETRICAL, DAMNSTEST THING.

MURKOFF REHABILITATION CENTER

MISS GLICK? IS THERE MORE TO YOUR TESTIMONY?

YES, OF COURSE, EXCUSE ME, I WAS JUST...

THE LESIONS IN THE GIRL'S BRAIN MATCHED THE NEURAL SCARRING COMMON TO MORPHOGENIC ENGINE EXPOSURE, LIKE THE PATIENTS AT MOUNT MASSIVE,



COULD WE SEE THOSE BRAIN SCANS?

THEY'RE ALREADY OFF TO THE LAB, BUT WE HAVE COPIES.

TEST RESULTS IN A LAB, SCANS, THE GIRL, EVIDENCE, ALL OF IT, THIS HAD BECOME A MATTER OF CONTAINMENT.

WE'D LOVE TO MEET THE PATIENT.



THIS IS JANE DOE, SHE'S BEEN UNCONSCIOUS SINCE SHE GOT HERE,



BUT THE LITTLE GUY IN HERE'S BEEN KICKING UP A STORM,



WE STOOD BY JANE DOE'S BEDSIDE FOR HOURS,

THEN PAUL NOTICED SOMETHING,

IS THAT A TATTOO? ON HER CHEST.

A GLOBE, NO, WHEELS, "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS," THAT'S BIBLICAL, FROM THE BOOK OF...

EZEKIEL,

EZEKIEL! OH! PAPA! PAPA! YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM! YOU CAN'T, I'LL DIE BEFORE I'LL LET YOU KILL HIM.

I SEEN THE MESSENGER AND I KNOW I AIN'T BURDENED WITH THE ENEMY,

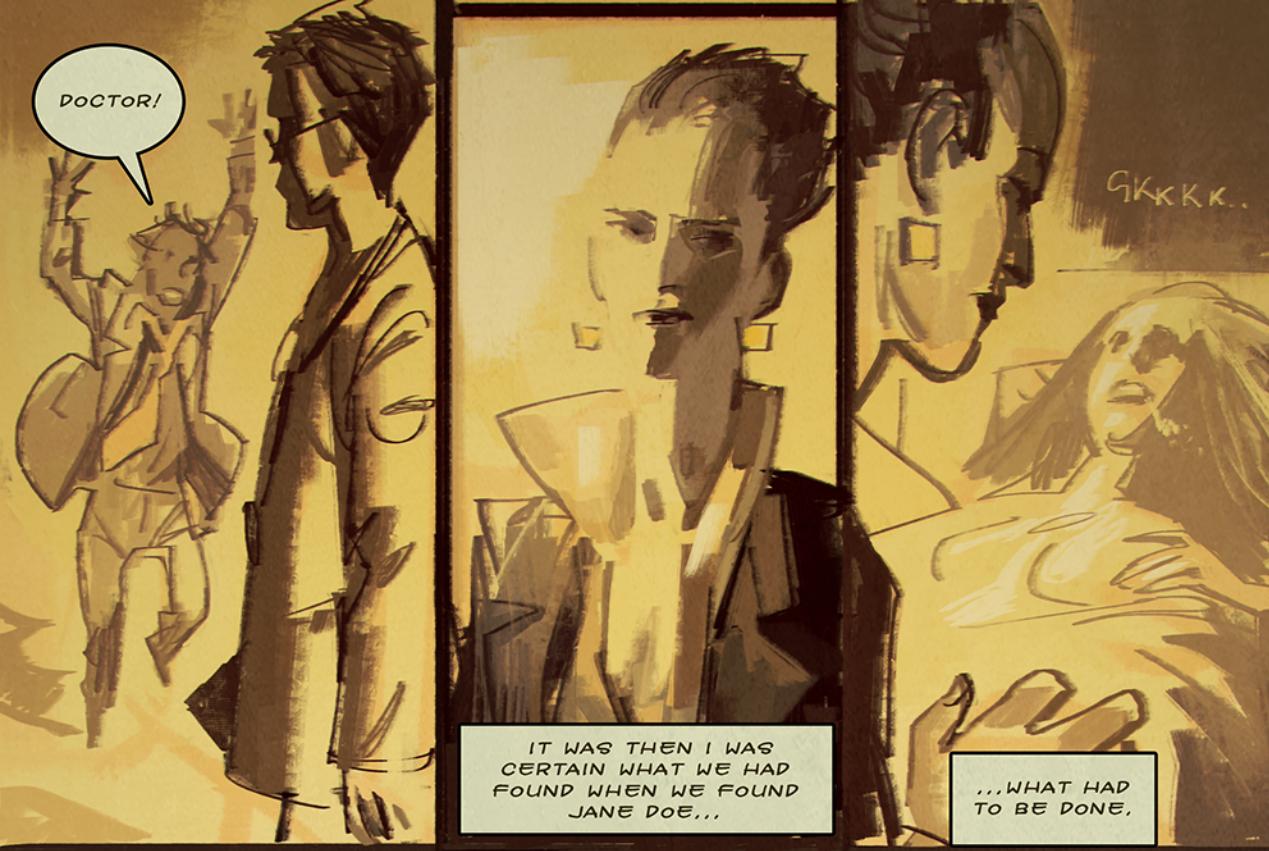
MY BLOOD IS TRUE, I'VE SIPPED AT THE FOUNTAIN AND BORN THE PAIN AND MARKS OF SALVATION.

FUCK!

YOU AIN'T GONNA TAKE MY BABY, YOU AIN'T... AIN'T...

GKKKKKK...

SHE'S HAVING A SEIZURE! GET A DOCTOR!



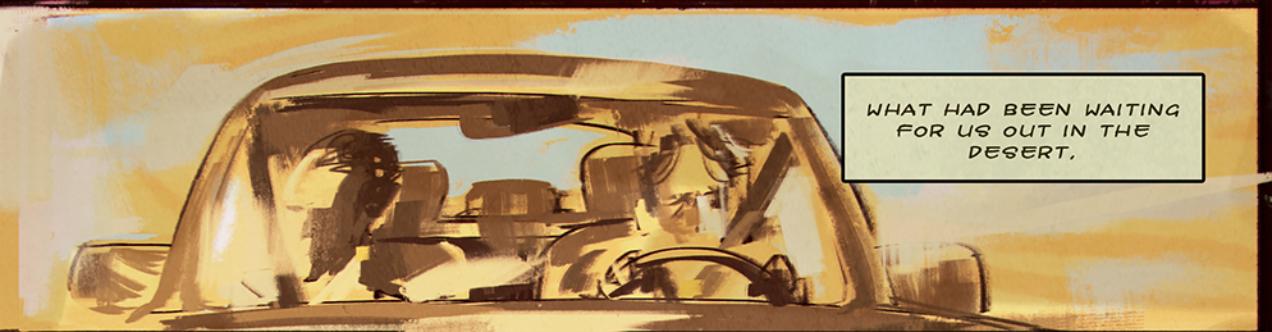
IT WAS THEN I WAS CERTAIN WHAT WE HAD FOUND WHEN WE FOUND JANE DOE...

...WHAT HAD TO BE DONE,





I REALIZED
TOO LATE I WAS
OPERATING ABOVE MY
SECURITY CLEARANCE,
I HADN'T FIGURED OUT
YET THE TRAP
SIMON PEACOCK
HAD LEAD US
INTO.



WHAT HAD BEEN WAITING
FOR US OUT IN THE
DESERT.



ARE
YOU SURE
SHE WAS
DEAD?

YEAH,
CASE
CLOSED.



IT'S
SAD.

STILL,
I GOTTA GET
HOME, ALICE HAS
A TRANSFUSION
TOMORROW, I SAID
I'D BE THERE,

YOU'RE
A GOOD
DAD...



...YOU ALWAYS
TAKE CARE
OF YOUR GIRL,

HOME AGAIN.



You work
for us now





WE STILL HAD
TO CLEAN UP THAT
BODY PAUL LEFT
IN THE DESERT,
THE BOY.



WE GRID-SEARCHED
A FORTY MILE RADIUS
SURROUNDING HIS
ABANDONED RENTAL
VEHICLE.

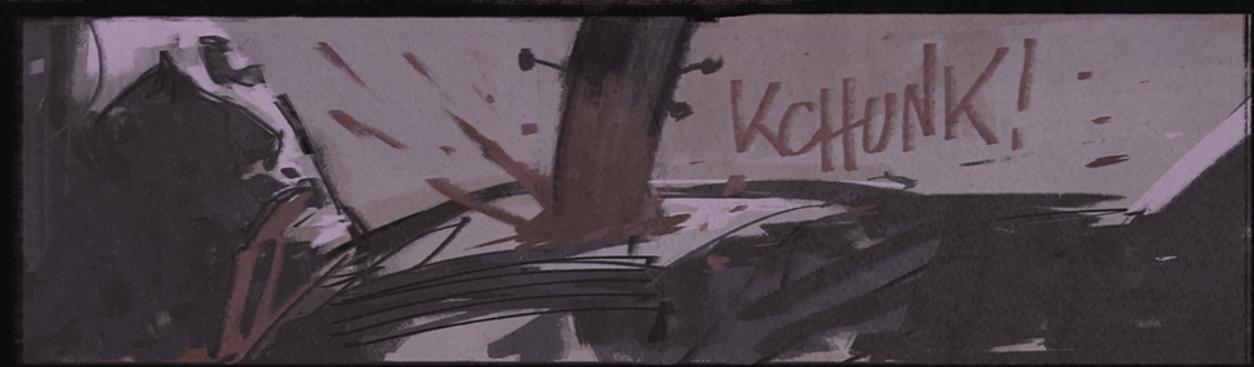


WE DIDN'T
FIND DICK.



WE NEVER
FOUND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THAT BODY, IF IN
FACT IT EVER
EXISTED.





CONTINUED
IN OUTLAST II.

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